
Title: Days and Evenings

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For oft I wander,
fingers grasping,
eyes searching,
for what eludes me.
Knowledge dances
before my eyes,
whisperings haunt
my thoughts,
but blades fill my
days.
And the evenings are
not for me.
I do not see the passing
of days,
the nights only
quick flashes of
contrast.
And the hours which
spin outward
for the common man,
I heed not.
I, outsider.
I, wanderer.
I, lost but caring not,
for the way is
invisible, and the
wind bears nothing.

-Perianwyr,